

A P P E N D I X,

C O N T A I N I N G

A Number of

H Y M N S,

Taken chiefly from

Dr. W A T T S's

Scriptural Collection.

And they sung a new Song, &c. Rev. v. 9.

B O S T O N:

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M, DCC, LXXIII.



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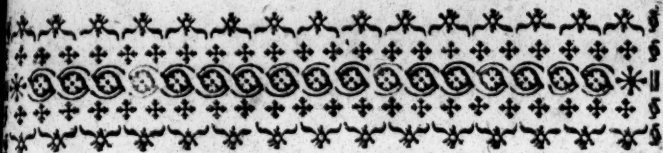
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H Y M N I.

Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

- 1 **B**Ehold the glories of the Lamb
amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
the church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
with harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the offer'd pray'rs of saints,
and these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
he loves to hear our praise,
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
be endless blessings paid :
Salvation, glory, joy remain
for ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
and we shall reign with thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace
are put beneath thy pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
and bring the promis'd hour.

H Y M N II.

Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
and ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
with an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
that feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
to fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
a soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
the rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
and pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
with springs that never dry:

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
in a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
like floods of milk and wine.

6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
that will not hide your sin:

7 Come naked and adorn your souls
with robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
and dy'd in his own blood.

8 Dear Lord! the treasures of thy love
are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
and boundless as our sins.

H Y M N ii, iii, iv.

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9 The happy gates of gospel-grace
stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
and drive our wants away.

H Y M N III.

Isa. xxvi. 1—5.

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place
where we adoring stand,
Sion, the glory of the earth,
and beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
the city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations that obey
the statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
and live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehōvāh's name,
and ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust
and banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord, Jehovāh dwells,
eternal as his years.

H Y M N IV.

Isa. lv. 1, 2. Zec. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19, &c.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
to gather empty wind,
The choicest blessings earth can yield
will starve a hungry mind.

A 3

2 Come:

H Y M N ^{iv.}

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
with more substantial meat :
With such as saints in glory love,
with such as angels eat.

3 Our God will every want supply,
and fill our hearts with peace ;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
the riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls
and wash away our stains
In the dear fountain that his Son
pour'd from his dying veins.

5 Our guilt shall vanish all away,
tho' black as hell before ;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
and shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
our inward pow'rs again,
His spirit shall bedew our souls
like purifying rain.

7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
that terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
shall be dissolv'd by love.

8 Or he can take the flint away,
that would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred spirit dwell,
and deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
to swift obedience draw.

H Y M N iv. v.

37

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
and we shall render praise ;
We, the dear people of his love,
and he our God of grace.

H Y M N V.

Isa. lii. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
and words of peace reveal !
2 How charming is their voice !
how sweet the tidings are !
" Sion behold thy saviour king,
" he reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
that hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
and sought but never found !
4 How blessed are our eyes,
that see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
but dy'd without the sight !

5 The watchmen join their voice;
and tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth with songs,
and desarts learn the joy.
6 The Lord makes bare his arm
through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N

H Y M N vi, vii.

H Y M N VI.

1st Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **B**lest be the everlasting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
and call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
so all his foll'wers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
and cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
'till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
'till Christ shall call us home.

H Y M N VII.

Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace;
Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My tho'ts are searching, Lord, for thee
Amongst the shades of lonesome night;
My earnest pray'rs ascend the skies
Before the dawn restores the light.

3. Look

H Y M N vii, viii.

3 Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

H Y M N VIII.

Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

WHence do our mournful thro'ts arise?
and where's our courage fled?

Has restless sin and raging hell
struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
that form'd the earth and sea?

And can an all-creating arm
grow weary or decay.

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;

He gives the conquest to the weak,
and treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
and youthful vigour cease,

But we that wait upon the Lord
shall feel our strength increase.

- 5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings
and taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
where perfect pleasure is.

H Y M N IX.

Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joy arise,
and burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
and pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
to show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
suspensions and complaints;
Is he a God, and shall his grace
grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
the infant of her womb,
Among a thousand tender thoughts
her suckling have no room?
- 5 " Yet, saith the Lord, should nature
change,
" and mothers monsters prove,
" Sion still dwells upon the heart
" of everlasting love.
- 6 " Deep on the palms of both my hands
" I have engrav'd her name;
" My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls
" and build her broken frame."

H Y M N

H Y M N X.

Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 **T**H E S E glorious minds how bright
they shine,
whence all their white array?
How come they to the happy seats
of everlasting day?
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
on fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
in Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
and bow before his throne,
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
adore the holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace,
fees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls
and hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
the sorrows of their eyes.

H Y M N xi.

Rev. xv. 3, &c.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy lov,
we found thy dreadful name
The Christian church unites the songs
of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works
of vengeance and of grace!

Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,
how just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
or worship at thy throne?

Thy judgments speak thine holiness
through all the nations known.

H Y M N XII.

John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face,
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills;
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;
 We wait thy chariot's awful wheels
 To fetch our longing spirits home.

H Y M N XIII.

Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
 with Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 the choicest of her stores!
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
 with soft compassion rolls,
 Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
 is food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
 join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
 "Lord, why was I a guest?"
- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 "and enter while there's room;
 "When thousands make a wretched choice,
 "and rather starve than come?"
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
 that sweetly forc'd us in,
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 and perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God,
 constrain the earth to come;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 and bring the strangers home.

B

7 We

7 We long to see thy churches full,
 that all the chosen race,
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 sing thy redeeming grace.

H Y M N XIV.

Solomon's Song i. 7.

1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joys and earthly love,
 Tell me dear shepherd, let me know
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
 That from the sun defends thy flock?
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
 That turns aside to paths unknown?
 My constant feet would never rove,
 Would never seek another love.

4 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
 A wond'rous feast thy love prepares, [tears
 Bought with thy wounds, and groans and

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
 And bids me drink his richest blood:
 Here to these hills my soul will come,
 Till my beloved lead me home.

H Y M N XV.

Solomon's Song ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds:
 O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass
 He shows the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue:

"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,"

"No mortal joys are worth thy stay."

4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,

"The mists are fled, the spring comes on,"

"The sacred turtle-dove we hear

"Proclaim the new, the joyful year."

5 "Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,

"Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."

Lo, we are come to taste the wine:

Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say,

"Rise up my love, make haste away!"

Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,

And leave all earthly loves behind.

H Y M N XVI.

Solomon's Song iii. 2, 11.

1 **D**ughters of Sion, come, behold
 the crown of honour and of gold,
 Which the glad church with joys unknown
 Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,

Accept the tribute which we bring:

Accept the well-deserv'd renown,

And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worship be

Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;

B 2

Like

Now

Like the dear hour when from above
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love,
 4 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 Still may each minute as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
 And bring that coronation-day!
 The King of grace shall fill the throne
 With all his Father's glories on.

H Y M N XVII.

Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
 "I sit upon my holy throne:

"My name is God, I dwell on high:

"Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below,

"On earth I have a mansion too;

"The humble spirit and contrite

"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,

"I bid the mourning sinner live;

"Heal all the broken hearts I find,

"And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 "When I contend against their sin,

"I make them know how vile they've been;

"But should my wrath for ever smoke,

"Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair and die!
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve
 The methods of thy chast'ning love.

H Y M N XVIII.

Matt. v. 3—12.

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows
 A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness;
 They shall be well supply'd and fed
 With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love;
 From Christ the Lord they shall obtain
 Like sympathy and love again:
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling pow'rs of sin;
 With endless pleasures they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;

They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
8 Blest are the suff'ers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

H Y M N XIX.

2d Tim. i. 12.

- 1 **I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
the glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
his name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
and he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
appoint my soul a place.

H Y M N XX.

2d Cor. i. 5——8.

- 1 **T**Here is a house not made with hands,
eternal and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands
till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
thy heav'nly Father's call.

- 3 Tis he by his almighty grace
that forms thee fit for heav'n,
And as an earnest of the place
has his own spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home
we're absent from the Lord.

- 5 Tis pleasant to believe thy grace
but we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh
and present, Lord, with thee.

H Y M N XXI.

Matt. xxii. 37—40.

- T**HUS saith the first, the great command,
“ Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
“ To love thy Maker, and thy God,
“ With utmost vigour and delight.
2. “ Then shall thy neighbour next in place
“ Share thine affections and esteem,
“ And let thy kindness to thyself
“ Measure and rule thy love to him.”

- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove ;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But O! how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire.
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN

H Y M N xxii.

Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 **C**OME hither all you weary souls,
 “ ye heavy laden sinners come,
 “ I’ll give you rest from all your toils,
 “ And raise you to my heav’nly home.
 2 “ They shall find rest that learn of me;
 “ I’m of a meek and lowly mind;
 “ But passion rages like the sea,
 “ And pride is restless as the wind.
 3 “ Bless’d is the man whose shoulders take
 “ My yoke, and bear it with delight;
 “ My yoke is easy to his neck,
 “ My grace shall make the burden light.”
 4 Jesus, we come, at thy command,
 With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

H Y M N xxiii.

Luke i. 68, &c.

- 1 **N**OW blest be Isr’el’s Lord and God,
 whose mercy at our need
 Has visited his people’s grief,
 and them from bondage freed :
 2 And rais’d in faithful David’s house
 salvation which of old,
 E’er since the world itself began,
 his prophets had foretold.
 3 To save us from our spiteful foes,
 and keep his oath in mind,
 Which he to Abr’am heretofore,
 and to our fathers sign’d.

4 That

- 4 That we from fear and danger freed,
his temple may frequent ;
And all our days, as in his sight,
in holy life be spent.
- 5 And thou, O child, shalt then be call'd
God's prophet to declare
His message, and before his face
his passage to prepare.
- 6 To give them light who now in shades
of night and death abide :
And in the way that leads to peace
our footsteps safely guide.

H Y M N XXIV.

Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 **M**Y soul and spirit fill'd with joy,
my God and Saviour praise ;
Whose goodness did from poor estate
his humble hand-maid raise.
- 2 Me blest of God, the God of pow'r,
all ages shall confess,
Whose name is holy, and whose love
his saints shall ever bless.
- 3 The proud, and all their vain designs,
he quickly did confound :
He cast the mighty from their seat,
the meek and humble crown'd.
- 4 The hungry with good things are fill'd
the rich with hunger pin'd :
He sent his servant Ifr'el help,
and call'd his love to mind ;
- 5 Which to our fathers heretofore,
by oath he did insure ;
To Abr'am and his chosen seed,
for ever to endure.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXV.

Luke ii. 29.

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy servant now depart
 into thy promis'd rest,
 Since my expecting eyes have been
 with thy salvation blest :
- 2 Which, 'till this time, thy favour'd saints,
 and prophets, only knew,
 Long since prepar'd, but now set forth
 in all the people's view.
- 3 A light to shew the heathen world
 the way to saving grace :
 But O! the light and glory both
 of Isr'el's chosen race.

H Y M N XXVI.

Luke ii. 8—15.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch their
 flocks by night
 all seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 and glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not, said he (for mighty dread
 " had seiz'd their troubled mind :)
 " Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 " to you and all mankind.
- 3 " To you in David's town, this day
 " is born of David's line
 " The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
 " And this shall be the sign ;

- 4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 "to human view display'd,
 "All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
 "and in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 address'd their joyful song :
- 6 "All glory be to God on high ;
 "and to the earth be peace ;
 "Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
 "begin and never cease."

H Y M N XXVII.

1st Cor. v. 7. Rom. 6, 9, &c.

- 1 **S**INCE Christ our passover is slain
 a sacrifice for all ;
 Let all with thankful hearts agree
 to keep the festival :
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
 of sin and malice fed ;
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,
 and truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine,
 and rescu'd from the grave,
 Shall die no more, death shall on him
 no more dominion have ;
- 4 For that he dy'd, 'twas for our sins
 he once vouchsaf'd to die,
 But that he lives, he lives to God,
 for all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
but graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

H Y M N XXVIII.

1 **O** GOD we praise thee, and confess,
that thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
by all the earth ador'd.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
to thee the pow'rs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
continually do cry.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
whom heav'nly hosts obey ;
The world is with the glory fill'd
of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles glorious company,
and prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs noble host,
thy constant praise recite.

5 Thy holy church throughout the world
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou, eternal Father art
of boundless majesty ;

6 Thy honour'd true and only Son,
and holy Ghost the spring
Of never-ceasing joy, O Christ,
of glory thou art King.

7 The Father's everlasting Son,
thou from on high didst come

To save mankind, and did'st not then
 disdain the virgin's womb,
 8 And having overcome the sting
 of death, thou open'st wide
 The gates of heav'n to all, who firm
 in thy relief abide.

P A R T II.

9 Crown'd with the Father's glory thou
 at God's right hand do'st sit;
 Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge,
 to sentence or acquit.
 10 O therefore save thy servants, Lord,
 whose souls so dearly cost;
 Nor let the purchase of thy blood,
 thy precious blood, be lost.
 11 We magnify thee day by day;
 and ever worship thee,
 Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day
 from sin and danger free.
 12 Have mercy, mercy, on us, Lord!
 to us thy grace extend,
 According as for mercy we
 on thee alone depend.
 13 In thee I have repos'd my trust,
 and ever shall do so;
 Preserve me then from ruin here,
 and from eternal woe.

H Y M N XXIX.

Rev. iv. 11. and v. 9. &c.

1 **T**hou God, all glory, honour, pow'r
 art worthy to receive;

Since

Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
and by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all pow'r,
honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength, who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
and ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
by thy most precious blood.

4 Blessings and honour, glory, pow'r,
by all in earth and heav'n,
To him that sits upon the throne,
and to the Lamb, be giv'n.

H Y M N XXX.

Rev. xix. 5, &c.

1 **A**LL ye who faithful servants are
of our almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great
his praise devoutly sing.

2 Let us rejoice, and render thanks
to his most holy name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
the marriage of the Lamb.

3 His bride herself has ready made,
how pure and white her dress!
Which is the saints integrity
and spotless holiness.

4 O therefore blest is ev'ry one,
who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb
is call'd a welcome guest.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXI.

Matt. vi. 9. &c.

1 OUR Father, who in heaven art,
 all hallow'd be thy name ;
 Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done,
 throughout this earthly frame.
 2 As chearfully as tis with those
 who dwell with thee on high ;
 Lord, let thy bounty day by day
 our daily food supply ;
 3 As we forgive our enemies,
 thy pardon, Lord, we crave ;
 Into temptation lead us not,
 but us from evil save.
 4 For kingdom, pow'r and glory all
 belong, O Lord, to thee ;
 Thine from eternity they were,
 and thine shall ever be.

H Y M N XXXII.

1st Cor. xv. 20, 21. Colof. iii. 1.

1 CHRIST from the dead is rais'd and made
 the first fruits of the tomb ;
 For, as by man came death, by man
 did resurrection come.
 2 For, as in Adam all mankind
 did guilt and death derive ;
 So, by the righteousness of Christ,
 shall all be made alive.
 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
 seek only how to get
 The things that are above, where Christ
 at God's right hand is set.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Another version of Luke ii. 8, &c.

- 1 " **S**hepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 " and send your fears away :
 " News from the regions of the skies,
 " Salvation's born to day.
- 2 " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 " comes down to dwell with you :
 " To-day he makes his entrance here
 " but not as monarchs do.
- 3 No gold nor purple swadling bands,
 " nor royal shining things ;
 " A manger for his cradle stands,
 " and holds the King of kings.
- 4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 " and see his humble throne ;
 " With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 " go shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
 the heavenly armies throng,
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 and thus conclude the song :
- 6 " Glory to God that reigns above,
 " let peace surround the earth ;
 " Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 " at their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
 and men no tunes to raise ?
 O may we lose these useless tongues
 when they forget to praise !
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 that pitied us forlorn,
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 for there's a Saviour born.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Ecc. xii. 1, &c.

- 1 **C**hildren, to your Creator, God,
 your earlier honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 would tempt your thoughts astray.
- 2 The memory of his mighty name,
 demands your first regard;
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
 till you have lov'd the Lord.
- 3 Be wise, and make his favour sure
 before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no more;
 and life and strength decays.
- 4 No more the blessing of a feast
 shall relish on the tongue,
 The heavy ear forgets the taste
 and pleasure of a song.
- 5 Old age, with all her dismal train,
 invades your golden years
 With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
 and death that never spares.
- 6 What will you do when light departs,
 and leaves your withering eyes,
 Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
 from the superior skies?
- 7 How will you meet God's frowning brow,
 or stand before his seat,
 While nature's old supporters bow,
 nor bear their tott'ring weight?
- 8 Can you expect your feeble arms,
 shall make a strong defence,
 When death, with terrible alarms,
 summons the pris'ner hence?

- 9 The silver bands of nature burst,
and let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
its vile original.
- 10 Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
to be shut out from heav'n.

H Y M N XXXV.

Job i. 21.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
and crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
and mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
to be repay'd anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or sinks them in the grave,
He gives (and blessed be his name)
he takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
let each rebellious sigh,
Be silent at his sovereign will,
and ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
it's praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
that strikes our comforts dead.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVI.

Rom. viii. 33. &c.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
 'Tis God that justifies their souls,
 And mercy like a mighty stream,
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead,
 And the salvation to fulfil,
 Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above
 For ever interceding there ;
 Who shall divide us from his love,
 Or what shall tempt us to despair ?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
 He that hath lov'd us bears us thro'
 And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an over-coming pow'r,
 It triumphs in the dying hour ;
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Psal. 49. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8. Job 3. 14, 15.

IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
 And heap their shining dust in vain,
 Look down and scorn the humble poor,
 And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1 **A**LL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes nor tire my ears ;
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo ! he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne ;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown ;

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name.

5 The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills.

“ Worthy

"Worthy art thou alone" (they cry)
 "To read the book, to loose the seals."

6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
 And with transporting pleasure sing,
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
 To be our teacher and our King.

7 His words of prophecy reveal
 Eternal counsels, deep designs ;
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
 With thine invaluable blood ;
 And wretches that did once rebel,
 Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
 That dy'd for treason not his own,
 By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
 And dwell upon his Father's throne.

H Y M N XXXIX.

2d Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8.

1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
 and bear my spirit home ;
 Why do my minutes move so slow,
 nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
 the battles of the Lord,
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
 and wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
 a crown which cannot fade ;
 The righteous Judge at that great day
 shall place it on my head.

- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
this prize for me alone ;
But all that love, and long to see
th' appearance of his Son.
5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
from ev'ry ill design ;
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
this feeble soul of mine.
6 God is my everlasting aid,
and hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
and endless praise, amen.

H Y M N XL.

Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road
away from Bozrah's gate!
2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'tis some victorious king:
" 'Tis I the just, th' almighty One
" that your salvation bring."
3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
why thine apparel's red ?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
who in the wine-press tread ?
4 " I by myself have trod the press,
" and crush'd by foes alone,
" My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
" my fury stamp'd them down.
5 " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
" with joyful scarlet stains,

" The

- “ The triumph that my raiment wears
 “ sprung from their bleeding veins.
 6 “ Thus shall the nations be destroy’d
 “ that dare insult my saints,
 “ I have an arm t’ avenge their wrongs,
 “ an ear for their complaints.”

H Y M N XLI.

Nahum i. 1, 2, 3, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
 is a consuming fire,
 His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
 and raise his vengeance higher.
 2 Almighty vengeance how it burns ?
 how bright his fury glows !
 Vast magazines of plagues and storms
 lie treasur’d for his foes.
 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degree
 are forc’d into a flame,
 But kindled, oh ! how fierce they blaze !
 and rend all nature’s frame.
 4 At his approach the mountains fly,
 and seek a wat’ry grave;
 The frighted sea makes haste away,
 and shrinks up ev’ry wave.
 5 Thro’ the wide air the weighty rocks,
 are swift as hail-stones hurl’d :
 Who dares engage his fiery rage,
 that shakes the solid world !
 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sov’reign grace,
 sits regent on the throne,
 The refuge of thy chosen race
 when wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy

7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
 a fiery tempest pour,
 Whilst we beneath thy shelt'ring wings
 thy just revenge adore.

H Y M N XLII.

Isa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 **A**WAKE our souls (away our fears)
 Let ev'ry trembling tho't be gone :
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
 And put a chearful courage on.
 2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint,
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r,
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
 4 From thee the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
 On wings of love our souls shall fly
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

H Y M N XLIII.

Jude xxiv. 25.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
 our Saviour, and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 their humble praises bring.

'Tis

2 'Tis his almighty love,
his counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
and ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
with joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
and make his wonders known.

5 To our redeemer God,
wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
and everlasting songs.

H Y M N XLIV.

Rev. xii. 7.

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.
2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail:

3 Down to the earth was satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;

D

Behold

Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
'Thine armies trod the tempter down ;
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky ;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

H Y M N XLV.

Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood :
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus our atoning priest,
To Jesus our superior king,
Be everlasting power confest,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day ;
Come Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

H Y M N XLVI.

Rev. v. 1, 12, 13.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our chearful songs
 with angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 but all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
 "to be exalted thus;"
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 for he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 honour and pow'r divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 and air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 and speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 to bless the sacred name,
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 and to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLVII.

1 John iii, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous grace
 the Father has bestow'd,
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 to call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprizing thing,
 that we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son:
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 how great we must be made;

But

But when we see our Saviour here,
we shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
may trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin
as Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove,
to rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
like slaves beneath the throne :
My faith shall abba Father cry,
and thou the kindred own.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

1 **W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood,
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.

3 " O let my name engraven stand,
" Both on thy heart and on thy hand :
" Seal me upon thine arm, and wear,
" That pledge of love for ever there.

4 " Stronger than death thy love is known,
" Which floods of wrath could never drown ;
" And hell and earth in vain combine
" To quench a fire so much divine.

5 " But I am jealous of my heart,
" Lest it should once from thee depart ;
" Then

" Then let thy name be well impress'd,
 " As a fair signet on my breast.
 6 " 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
 " Where fears and doubts can never come,
 " Thy count'nance let me often see,
 " And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 " Come, my beloved, haste away,
 " Cut short the hours of thy delay,
 " Fly like a youthful hart or roe
 " Over the hills where spices grow."

H Y M N XLIX.

Job iv. 17——21.

1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
 Contend with their Creator, God?

Shall mortal worms presume to be
 More holy, wise, or just than he?

2 Behold he puts his trust in none
 Of all the spirits round his throne;
 Their natures when compar'd with his,
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
 Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
 We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
 We die by thousands in thy fight;
 Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
 Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
 How frail are we! how glorious thou!
 No more the sons of earth shall dare
 With an eternal God compare.

H Y M N L.

Ecclef. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

H Y M N LI.

Rom. iii. 19,——22.

1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
on their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
and all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
without a murm'ring word,

And

And the whole race of Adam stand
guilty before the Lord.

- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
to justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
when in thy name we trust !
Our faith receives a righteousness
that makes the sinner just.

H Y M N LII.

John ii. 16, 17, 18.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the son of God appear :
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace ;
Who God's eternal son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

H Y M N LIII.

1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
nor sense nor reason known,
What

What joy the Father has prepar'd
for those that love his Son.

2 But the good spirit of the Lord
reveals a heav'n to come ;

The beams of glory in his word
allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
and all the region peace ;

No wanton lips nor envious eye
can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar,
pollution, sin, and shame ;

None shall obtain admittance there
but foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life ;
there all their names are found ;

The hypocrite in vain shall strive
to tread the heav'nly ground.

H Y M N LIV.

Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,
because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again
and open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God,
nor let it e'er be said,

That we whose sins are crucify'd
should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
and bought our liberty.

H Y M N

H Y M N LV.

Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
 of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before
 To trust the merits of thy Son.
 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake !
 4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne ;
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

H Y M N LVI. Rom. vii. 8, &c.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
 and felt no inward dread !
 I was alive without the law,
 and thought my sins were dead.
 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright;
 but since the precept came
 With a convincing pow'r of light,
 I find how vile I am.
 3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
 'till terrible I saw,
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 was thine eternal law.
 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
 my sins reviv'd again,
 I had provok'd a dreadful God
 and all my hopes were slain.

5. I'm

- 5 I'm like a helpless captive fold,
under the power of sin ;
I cannot do the good I would,
nor keep my conscience clean.
6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath
for some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death
and thus redeem the slave.

H Y M N LVII.

John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, &c. x. 28.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
but peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
descending from above.
2 Amidst the house of God
their diff'rent works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
but Christ a faithful Son.
3 Then to his new commands,
be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
the sovereign and the head.
4 The man that durst despise
the law that Moses brought !
Behold ! how terribly he dies
for his presumptuous fault.
5 But forer vengeance falls
on that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
and dare resist his grace.

H Y M N LVIII.

Heb. iv. 15, 16 ; and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
of our high-priest above ;

- His heart is made of tenderness,
his bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within
he knows our feeble frame,
He knows what sore temptations mean,
for he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless innocent and pure
the great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
and did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
what every member bears.
- 5 He'll never quench the smoking flax
but raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
his mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
in the distressing hour.

H Y M N LIX.

Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
the holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd ;
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love
 Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up
 Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

H Y M N LX.

1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews
 And nobler speech that angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling brass an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
 All that is done in heav'n and hell ;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
 To feed the bowels of the poor,
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name :

4 If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

H Y M N LXI.

2 Tim. 1, 9, 10.

NOW to the pow'r of God supreme
 Be everlasting honours giv'n,
 He saves from hell (we bless his name)
 He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,

He

He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transactions pass'd,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies ; and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

H Y M N LXII.

Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1 **W**HO has believ'd thy word,
or thy salvation known ;
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
and glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
too mean for their belief ;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
and his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
and treated him with scorn ;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews
and Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
his best beloved Son.

E

5 " But

- 5 " But I'll prolong his days,
 " and make his kingdom stand,
 " My pleasure (saith the God of grace)
 " shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 " His joyful soul shall see
 " the purchase of his pain,
 " And by his knowledge justify
 " the guilty sons of men.
- 7 " Ten thousand captive slaves
 " releas'd from death and sin,
 " Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
 " and own his pow'r divine.
- 8 " Heav'n shall advance my Son
 " to joys that earth deny'd;
 " Who saw the follies men had done
 " and bore their sins and dy'd."

H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!
 how vast our souls affairs!
 Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
 to lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
 without a moment's stay,
 Just like a story or a song,
 we pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
 but we march heedless on,
 And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
 stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell
 that slight the joys above!
 What chains of vengeance should we feel
 that break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
and lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race
and see salvation nigh.

H Y M N LXIV.

1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
2 See where it shines in Jesus' face
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son,
Has all his mighty works out-done.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Out-shines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

H Y M N LXV.

Phil. ii. 6, &c.

1 **B**Right King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;

To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy pow'r hath form'd thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right-hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father-God and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

H Y M N LXVI.

H Ark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
my ears attend the cry,

“ Ye living men, come view the ground,
“ where you must shortly lie.

2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed
“ in spite of all your tow'rs;

“ The

" The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
 " must lie as low as ours."

- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 and are we still secure ?
 Still walking downwards to our tomb,
 and yet prepar'd no more ?
 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
 to fit our souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 we'll rise above the sky.

H Y M N LXVII.

Zech. xii. 7.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
 " awake my dreadful sword ;
 " Awake my wrath, and smite the man
 " my fellow," saith the Lord.
 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command
 and armed down she flies,
 Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
 and bows his head, and dies.
 3 But oh ! the wisdom and the grace
 that join with vengeance now !
 He dies to save our guilty race,
 and yet he rises too.
 4 A person so divine was he
 who yielded to be slain,
 That he cou'd give his soul away,
 and take his life again.
 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high ;
 let ev'ry nation sing,
 And angels sound with endless joy
 the Saviour and the King.

H Y M N lxxviii.

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
 behold my bleeding Lord !
 Helt and the Jews conspir'd his death,
 and us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 Oh ! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 my dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
 his sacred body tore !
- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns
 in vain I do accuse,
 In vain I blame the Roman bands,
 and the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Fwere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 his chief tormentors were !
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 and unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Fwere you, that pull'd the vengeance
 upon his guiltless head : (down
 Break, break my heart, oh ! burst mine eyes,
 and let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 'till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes,
 in undissembled woe.

H Y M N LXIX.

Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
 the tempest, fire and smoke,
 Not to the thunder of that word
 which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 the city of our God,

Where

Where milder words declare his will,
and spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
of angels cloath'd in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just
whose faith is turn'd to fight.
4 Behold the blest assembly there,
whose names are writ in heav'n ;
And God the judge of all declares
their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth and all the dead
but one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living head,
and of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
my weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where Jesus is
must be for ever blest.

H Y M N LXX.

Isa. l. 10, 11. Chap. xxviii. 20.

“ Where are the mourners (saith the Lord)
“ That wait and tremble at my word,
“ That walk in darkness all the day ?
“ Come, make my name your trust and stay.
2 “ No works nor duties of your own
“ Can for the smallest sin atone ;
“ The robes that nature may provide
“ Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 “ The softest couch that nature knows
“ Can give the conscience no repose :
“ Look to my righteousness, and live ;
“ Comfort and peace are mine to give.

4 “ Ye

4 " Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
 " With your own hands to warm your souls,
 " Walk in the light of your own fire ;
 " Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.

5 " This is your portion at my hands ;
 " Hell waits you with her iron bands,
 " Ye shall lye down in sorrow there,
 " In death, in darkness, and despair."

H Y M N LXXI.

Job xi. 7. &c. xxv. 5. xxvi. 11.

1 **C**AN creatures to perfection find
 Th' eternal uncreated mind ;
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search his nature out !

2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
 And what can mortals know or tell ?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
 Born like a wild young colt he flies
 Thro' all the follies of his mind,
 And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.

4 God is a king of pow'r unknown,
 Firm are the orders of his throne ;
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,
 Or ask him why, or what he does ?

5 He wounds the heart and he makes whole ;
 He calms the tempest of the soul :
 When he shuts up in long despair,
 Who can remove the heavy bar ?

6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
 The fainting sun goes down at noon :
 The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
 The crooked serpent and the worm ;
 He breaks the billows with his breath,
 And smites the sons of pride to death.
 8 These are a portion of his ways ;
 But who shall dare describe his face ?
 Who can endure his light ; or stand
 To hear the thunders of his hand ?

H Y M N LXXII.

1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

T Was on that dark, that doleful night,
 when pow'rs of earth and hell arose,
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes :
 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :
 What love thro' all his actions ran !
 What wond'rous words of grace he spake !

3 " This is my body, broke for sin,
 " Receive and eat the living food ;"
 Then took the cup, and blest'd the wine ;
 " 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
 4 " Do this (he cry'd) till time shall end,
 " In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
 " Meet at my table and record
 " The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
 'Till Thou return and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 on which the Prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the death of Christ my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree !
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.
 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N LXXIV.

Luke xiv. 16, &c.

HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
 Thy table furnish'd from above !
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
 Were first invited to the feast :
 We humbly take what they refuse,
 And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

M M Y H

3 We

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh !
But, at the gospel-call, we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the high way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God !

6 It cost him death, to save our lives ;
To buy our souls it cost his own ;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost ;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.

H Y M N LXXV.

1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
whom from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
the honours of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
from whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
and bless the happy hour.

4 Glory

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
 th' eternal Three in One,
 Who by the wonders of his love,
 has made his nature known.

H Y M N LXXVI.

1 **T**O him that chose us first,
 Before the world began;
 To him that bore the curse,
 To save rebellious man;
 To him that form'd
 Our hearts anew,
 Is endless praise
 And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
 Thro' our immortal songs;
 We bring to God the Son
 Hosanna's on our tongues;
 Our lips address
 The Spirit's name
 With equal praise,
 And zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry saint above,
 And angel round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One:
 Thus heav'n shall raise
 His honours high,
 When earth and time
 Grow old and die.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Hos iii. 5. Luke xxiv. 44. Ps. xxxv. 12, 14.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love
that holy David shows :
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
to his afflicted foes !
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
and seems to feel the smart ;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
and melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,
as for a brother dead !
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
while for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their
yet still he pleads and mourns ; (bed :
And double blessings on his head
the right'ous God returns.
- 5 O glorious Type of heav'nly grace !
thus Christ the Lord appears ;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
and pities them with tears.
- 6 He the true David, Israel's King,
blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
pay'd his own dearest blood.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Luke i. 32. x. 21. Psa. xxi. 1, 8.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength
Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy,
In the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants what'er he will,
Nor doth the least request with-hold ;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temple shine ;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes ;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Isa. xlii. 1. Heb. i, 5. &c. Ps. lxxxix. 1, &c.

1 **F**OR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;
Mercy and truth for ever stand
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
" With thee my cov'nant first is made ;
" In thee shall dying sinners live ;
" Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my priest ;
" Thy children shall be ever blest ;
" Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
" Shall stand eternal like my own.

4 " There's none of all my sons above ;
" So much my image, or my love ;

" Celestial

“ Celestial pow’rs thy subjects are ;
 “ Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5 “ David, my servant, whom I chose
 “ To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 “ And rais’d him to the Jewish throne,
 “ Was but the shadow of my Son.”

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
 Jesus her Saviour and her King ;
 Angels his heav’nly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

H Y M N LXXX.

Mat. xxi. 15, 16. Psa. viii. 1, 2.

A Lmighty Ruler of the skies,
 Thro’ the wide earth thy name is spread
 And thine eternal glories rise
 O’er all the heav’ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young,
A monument of honour raise ;
 And babes with uninstructed tongue
 Declares the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow’r assists their tender age
 To bring proud rebels to the ground ;
 To still the bold blasphemer’s rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
 To see their great Redeemer’s face ;
 The Son of David is their song,
 And young Hosannas fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
 In vain their impious cavils bring ;
 Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
 While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Heb. ii. 5. &c. Psa. viii. 3, &c.

Lord, what was man when made at first,
 Adam the offspring of the dust,
 That thou should'st seat him and his race
 But just below an angel's place ?
 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
 And make him Lord of all below,
 Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
 And lay the fishes at his feet ?

3 But, O what brighter glories wait
 To crown the second Adam's state !
 What honours shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born ?

4 See him below his angels made ;
 See him in dust amongst the dead,
 To save a ruin'd world from sin :
 But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come redeem'd from all
 The mis'ries that attend the fall,
 New-made, and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

H Y M N LXXXII.

Acts iv. 24, xiii. 33. Heb. i. 5. Ps. ii. 1, &c.

MAKER and sov'reign Lord
 of heaven, and earth and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 and answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
 by David are fulfil'd,
 When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
 Jesus thine holy child.

3 Why

- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
and Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
th' anointed of the Lord ?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
to form a vain design,
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
and will support his throne ;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
hath own'd him for his Son.
- 6 Now he's ascended high,
and asks to rule the earth ;
The merits of his blood he pleads,
and pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows
a large inheritance ;
Far as the world's remotest ends
his kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel
must feel his iron rod ;
He'll vindicate those honours well
which he receiv'd from God.
- 9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
and worship at his throne ;
With trembling joy, ye people bow
to God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,
ye perish on the place :
Then blessed is the soul that flies
for refuge to his grace.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Heb. i. 10. Pf. cii. 23, &c.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race,
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days;
2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must thy children die so soon!

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"Christ is the same thro' every age."
4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade;
And all be chang'd at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Heb. i. 6. Pf. xcvi. 6, 9.

THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name,
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.
3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound ;
But Judah shout, but Sion sing,
And earth confess her lov'reign King.

H Y M N LXXXV.

Rom. xv. 3. Job. xv. 25. ii. 17. Cor. vi. 2.
Pf. lxix. 1, 14.

1 **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling floods
“ break in upon my soul :
“ I sink ; and sorrows o'er my head
“ like mighty waters roll.
2 “ I cry till all my voice be gone,
“ in tears I waste the day ;
“ My God, behold my longing eyes,
“ and shorten thy delay.
3 “ They hate my soul without a cause,
“ and still their numbers grows,
“ More than the hairs around my head,
“ and mighty are my foes.
4 “ 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
“ that man could never pay ;
“ And gave those honours to thy law,
“ which sinners took away.”
5 Thus in the great Messiah's name,
the royal prophet mourns ;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
and gives us joy by turns.

6 “ Now

68 H Y M N lxxxv, lxxxvi.

6 " Now shall the saints rejoice and find
" salvation in thy name ;

" For I have borne their heavy load
" of sorrow, pain and shame.

7 " Grieflike a garment cloath'd me round,
" and sackcloth was my dress,

" While I procur'd for naked souls,
" a robe of righteousness.

8 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews
" I like a stranger stood,

" And bore the vile reproach, to bring
" the Gentiles near to God.

9 " I came in sinful mortals stead
" to do my Father's will :

" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
" they scandaliz'd my zeal.

10 " My fasting and my holy groans
" were made the drunkard's song ;

" But God from his celestial throne
" heard my complaining tongue.

11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
" nor let my soul be drown'd ;

" He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
on well establish'd ground.

12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour
" my pray'r arose on high,

" And for my sake my God shall hear
" the dying sinner's cry."

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Mark xv. 23, 24. Pf. lxix. 14. &c.

NOW let our lips with holy fear,
and mournful pleasure sing

The

The suff'rings of our great high-priest,
the sorrows of our king.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;
how high the waters rise !

While to his heav'nly Father's ear
he sends perpetual cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" nor hide thy shining face ;
" Why should thy favourite look like one
" forsaken of thy grace ?

4 " With rage they persecute the man,
" that groans beneath thy wound,
" While for a sacrifice I pour
" my life upon the ground.

5 " They tread my honour to the dust,
" and laugh when I complain ;
" Their sharp insulting slanders add
" fresh anguish to my pain.

6 " All my reproach is known to thee,
" the scandal and the shame ;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
" and lies defil'd my name.

7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain ;
" my kindred are my grief ;
" I ask my friends for comfort round,
" but meet with no relief.

8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,
" they give me gall for food ;
" And sporting with my dying groans,
" they triumph in my blood.

9 " Shine into my distressed soul,
" let thy compassions save ;

" And

“ And tho’ my flesh sink down to death,
“ redeem it from the grave.

10 “ I shall arise to praise thy name,

“ shall reign in worlds unknown ;

“ And thy salvation, O my God,

“ shall seat me on thy throne.”

H Y M N LXXXVII.

Rom. xi. 11. 16. Heb. xii. 2. xiii. 13. Ps.

lxix. 26, &c.

Father, I sing thy wond’rous grace,
I bless my Saviour’s name ;

He bought salvation for the poor,
and bore the sinner’s shame.

2 His deep distress has rais’d us high,
his duty and his zeal

Fulfil’d the law which mortals broke
and finish’d all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
shall better please my God,

Than harps or trumpet’s solemn sound,
than goats or bullocks blood.

4 This shall his humble foll’wers see,
and set their hearts at rest ;

They by his death draw near to thee,
and live for ever blest.

5 Let heav’n and all that dwell on high,
to God their voices raise,

While lands and seas assist the sky,
and join t’ advance his praise.

6 Sion is thine, most holy God,
thy Son shall bless her gates ;

And glory purchas’d by his blood
for thy own Isr’el waits.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Heb. x. 4, &c. Pf. xl. 6, 9.

- T**Hus faith the Lord, "your work is vain
 " give your burnt off'rings o'er,
 " In dying goats and bullocks slain
 " my soul delights no more."
 2 Then spake the Saviour, "lo I'm here,
 " my God, to do thy will ;
 " What-e'er thy sacred books declare
 " thy servant shall fulfil.
 3 " Thy law is ever in my sight,
 " I keep it in my heart :
 " Mine eyes are open'd with delight
 " to what thy lips impart."
 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
 th' eternal Son appears,
 And at th' appointed time assumes
 the body God prepares.
 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
 and much his truth he shew'd ;
 And preach'd the way of righteousness
 where great assemblies stood.
 6 His Father's honour toucht his heart,
 he pity'd sinners cries,
 And to fulfil a Saviour's part,
 was made a sacrifice.
 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
 could wash the conscience clean ;
 But the rich sacrifice he paid
 atones for all our sin.
 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
 and Satan's kingdom thook :
 Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
 the serpent's head was broke.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXIX.

Acts ii. 25, &c. xiii. 35. Ps. xvi. 8, &c.

- 1 **I** Set the Lord before my face,
 he bears my courage up ;
 " My heart and tongue their joys express,
 " my flesh shall rest in hope.
 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,
 " where souls departed are,
 " Nor quit my body to the grave
 " to see corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life
 " and raise it to thy throne :
 " Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 " thy presence joys unknown."
- 4 Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
 the holy David sung,
 And Providence fulfils the word
 of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, who ev'ry saint adores,
 was crucify'd and slain ;
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores,
 behold, he lives again.
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 on heav'n's eternal hills ?
 There sits the Son at God's right-hand,
 and there the Father smiles.

H Y M N XC.

Luke xxiv. 51, 52. Acts i. 9. Ps. xlvii.

- 1 **O** For a shout of sacred joy
 to God the sov'reign king!
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 and hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus

- 2 Jesus, our God ascends on high;
his heav'nly guards around,
Attend him rising through the sky,
with trumpets joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
o'er all the earth he reigns ;
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne,
he lov'd that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
and Heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British kingdoms are the Lord's,
there Abr'am's God is known ;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
submit before his throne.

H Y M N XCI.

Eph. iv. 8. Heb. xii. 18, &c. Act. ii. 33.

Psal. lxviii. 17, 18.

LORD, when thou did'st ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there ;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

G

3 How

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

H Y M N XCII.

Luke iv. 22. Heb. i. 8, 9. and iv. 12.
1. Pet. ii. 9. John iii. 34. Psal. xlv.

1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
and ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
the conquests of thy word.

3 Strike thro' thy stubborn foes
or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
a sceptre in thy hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God,
hath without measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful oil
t' anoint thy sacred head.

6 Behold, at thy right-hand
the Gentile church is seen,

Like

Like a fair bride in rich attire ;
and princes guard the queen.

- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
forget thy father's house ;
Forfake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
and pay thy Lord thy vows.
8 O let thy God and King
thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honour sing
in palaces of joy.

H Y M N XCIII.

Mat. xxii. 9, 42. 1 Pet. ii. 4, &c. John xii.
13. Pf. cxviii. 22, &c.

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
the builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
in spite of envious Jews.
2 The scribe and angry priest
reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this rock shall Sion rest,
as the chief corner-stone.
3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
and wond'rous in our eyes :
This day declares it all divine,
this day did Jesus rise.
4 This is the glorious day
that our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
let all the church be glad.
5 Hosanna to the King
of David's royal blood ;

Bless him, ye saints ; he comes to bring
salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
our sacrifice of praise.

H Y M N XCIV.

Isa. xlv. 21. Rom. iii. 21, 7. Ps. lxxi. 15, &c.

1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty friend,
when I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
the numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
to see my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
for some surprizing sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
and mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
the vict'ries of my King !
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
shall thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
my Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
and drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;
 with this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
 nor think the ſeaſon long.

H Y M N XCV.

1 Cor. x. 9. Heb. iii. 7, &c. Pſal. xcv.

1 **C**OME, let our voices join to raiſe
 A ſacred ſong of ſolemn praiſe:
 God is a ſov'reign King ; rehearſe
 His honours in exalted verſe.
 2 Come, let our ſouls addreſs the Lord,
 Who fram'd our natures with his word :
 He is our ſhepherd ; we the ſheep
 His mercy choſe, his paſtures keep.
 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
 The counſels of his love obey,
 Nor let our hard'ned hearts renew,
 The ſins and plagues that Iſr'el knew.
 4 Iſr'el that ſaw his works of grace,
 Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;
 A faithleſs unbelieving brood,
 That tir'd the patience of their God.
 5 Thus ſaith the Lord, " How falſe they
 " Forget my pow'r ; abuſe my love ; (prove
 " Since they deſpiſe my reſt, I ſwear,
 " Their feet ſhall never enter there."
 6 Look back, my ſoul, with holy dread,
 And view thoſe ancient rebels dead ;
 Attend the offer'd grace to day,
 Nor loſe the bleſſings by delay.
 7 Seize the kind promiſe while it waits,
 And march to Sion's heav'nly gates ;

Believe, and take the promis'd rest ;
Obey, and be for ever blest.

H Y M N XCVI.

Luke i. 32, 33. John i. 49, 51. Ps. lxxii. 8.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings ;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold ;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring,
 Peculiar honours to our King :
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long amen.

H Y M N XCVII.

Mat. xviii. 20. 1 Tim. iii. 15. Pf. cxxxii.
 5, &c.

- 1 **N**O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
 good David would afford,
 'Till he had found below the skies
 a dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Sion plac'd his name,
 his ark was settled there :
 To Sion the whole nation came,
 To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
 nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now
 there is a house for God.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace arise,
 and enter to thy rest,
 Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
 thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
 thy Spirit and thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain
 could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 here let thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 and fill thy poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
 let God's anointed shine ;

Justice

80 H Y M N xcviij, xcix..

Justice and truth his court maintain
with love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
and as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
and shame confound his foes.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Eph. v. 19, 20. 2d Thes. i. 7. Psal. xcviij. 5.

1 **H**E reigns; the Lord the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic strains:

Let the whole earth in songs rejoice
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs,
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire,

4 His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high;
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

H Y M N XCIX.

Psal. ix. 10.

1 **S**ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various, and his saving names;

O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known!

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord,
He thro' the world most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3 Awake

3 Awake our noblest pow'rs, to bless
The God of Abr'am, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.

4 Thro' ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain,
That he has sought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name ?
The same his pow'r, his love the same !

6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;
And boldly through the desert tread :
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

H Y M N C.

Pf. xxxv. 2.

1 **S**alvation ! O melodious sound
to wretched dying men !
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
and leads to God again !

2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
from fiends and fires and chains :
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
where love with glory reigns !

3 But O ! may a degen'rate soul,
sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
to blessings so divine ?

4 The lustre of so bright a scene
my feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
the promise into tears.

5 My

- 5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine
these dying hopes can raise;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
and turn its tears to praise.
- 6 My Saviour-God, this broken voice
transported, shall proclaim,
And call on all th' angelic harps
to sound so sweet a name.

H Y M N CI.

Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

- 1 **L** OUD to the Prince of heav'n
Your chearful voices raise;
To him your vows be giv'n,
And fill his courts with praise,
With conscious worth
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms,
He sallies forth.
- 2 Gird on thy conqu'ring sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war,
Before his wheels
In glad surprize,
Ye valleys rise,
And sink ye hills.
- 3 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injur'd righteousness
In thy retinue move,
And seek from thee redress:
Thou in their cause
Shall prosp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

4 Before

Before thine awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of thy grace,
 That grace, which conquers all.
 The world shall know,
 Great King of kings,
 What won'drous things
 Thine arm can do.

Here to my willing soul
 Lead thy triumphant way ;
 Here ev'ry foe controul,
 And all thy pow'r display.
 My heart, thy throne,
 Blest Jesus see,
 Bows low to thee,
 To thee alone.

H Y M N CH.

Psalm cvii. 31.

YE sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord ;
 And let his pow'r and goodness sound
 Thro' all your tribes the world around.
 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
 And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd,
 Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade ;
 Peopled with life of various forms,
 Fishes, and fowls, and beasts, and worms.
 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its maker reigns ;
 That band remotest nations joins,
 And on each wave his goodness shines.

5 But,

- 5 But, O that brighter world above,
 Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
 God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
 For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul with rapture soar :
 There in the land of praise adore :
 This theme demands an angels tongue,
 Demands a never-ending song.

H Y M N CIII.

Psalm CXIX. 9.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying eyes
 the sons of men survey,
 And see how youthful sinners sport
 in a destructive way.
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around
 to bear them to the tomb ;
 Each in an hour may plunge them down,
 where hope can never come.
- 3 Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring minds,
 amus'd with airy dreams,
 That heav'ly wisdom may dispel
 their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,
 and be thy word their guide ;
 Till each the desert safely pass'd,
 on Sion's hill abide.

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